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AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CHARACTER.*

Dr. Arbuthnot was a man careless of fame; he tossed his wealth of good things right and left, and forgot to claim them. It is hard to be certain to-day just what is really his. It was time that his works should be collected, and time that his life should be written. This task has been attempted by Mr. George A. Aitken, in a handsome volume issuing from the Clarendon Press, Oxford. The hour has come, but not the man. A little while ago Mr. Aitken collected the materials for a biography of Steele, and supposed he had written it. He has done much the same work in the present instance. He has the accumulative without the formative instinct of the biographer. The dry bones are brought together, but they do not live. The constructive imagination, which broods over isolated details until they group themselves and crystallize into a rounded whole, is altogether wanting in this painstaking investigator. It is a pity, for Dr. Arbuthnot was

what is called "a character," and a life-like portrait of him would be a welcome addition to the gallery of the wits of Queen Anne's reign. There is more of him in the frontispiece to the present volume than in the life that follows.

John Arbuthnot was born the eldest son of a minister of the Scotch establishment, in the manse of Arbuthnot, and baptized April 29, 1667. It was the year of Swift's birth and of the publication of "Paradise Lost." There were several other children. His father, a High Church Episcopalian, would not conform when Presbyterianism regained power, and was deposed from his living in 1689. He retired to a small property of his own in the neighborhood, and died two years later. The children were scattered. One became an eminent banker in Paris, and was mixed up with the affairs of the Pretender. John went up to London, taught mathematics for his livelihood, in 1694 entered University College at Oxford as a fellow-commoner and private tutor to a younger student, and in 1696 took his degree of Doctor in Medicine at St. Andrew's, acquitting himself with distinction. A year later the young physician made his mark by publishing a fair and thorough criticism of a recent geological theory put forth by a professor of Gresham College. He became known in literary circles, and was a guest at the dinner-table of Samuel Pepys. How his mischievous humor must have played about the immortal diarist!

In 1701 Arbuthnot wrote an able "Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning," declaring, and evidencing, "the advantage which the mind reaps from mathematical knowledge in a habit of clear, demonstrative, and methodical reasoning." Except a few lines of verse, it is the only serious production among the works contained in this volume. It is a piece of simple, direct, manly argument. It is thoroughly readable to-day. It would be hard to state the uses of mathematics more convincingly. The author shows the range of his study in quotations to the purpose from Quintilian and Plato, Diogenes Laertius and Pliny, Ovid and Hippocrates, Xenocrates and Aristotle. He cites with easy familiarity recent French, Italian, Danish and English authorities in science, and illustrates his paper from painting, music,

* THE LIFE AND WORKS OF JOHN ARBUTHNOT. By George A. Aitken. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

architecture, fortification, navigation, ship-building, book-keeping, and astronomy. The paper contains one memorable sentence : "Truth is the same thing to the understanding that music is to the ear and beauty to the eye."

Arbuthnot became Fellow of the Royal Society in 1704. Coming in chance contact with Prince George of Denmark, he was made physician extraordinary to Queen Anne the next year, and one of the physicians in ordinary four years later. From that time to the Queen's death, at which he was in attendance in August 1714, he was constantly about the court and on terms of intimacy with its poets, beauties, wits, and statesmen. He was of the High Church and High Tory faction, as became the son of his Jacobite father. He was more or less in the secrets of Swift and Harley and Bolingbroke and Lady Masham. His humorous "History of John Bull" is a party pamphlet levelled at Marlborough. He lacked Swift's fierce intensity and thirst for power, but shared his convictions and championed his causes in his own more quiet fashion. The Queen's death touched him nearly. He was made to feel what Bolingbroke so vigorously expressed, "What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us." Readers of "Henry Esmond" remember what a state intrigue was baffled by the Queen's sudden end. How far the good physician was cognizant of all the plans of his associates is uncertain. The death of his royal mistress was certainly a blow to his personal fortunes. He wrote Swift that he had not been unprepared for "the melancholy scene," had figured it in advance, and that his own case was "not half so deplorable as that of Lady Masham and other court favorites." He had lost the perquisites of his office, but had his profession, and his bread was in no danger. Still, he felt the change. One does not breathe with impunity the atmosphere of court favor. A little later he writes to Pope, thanking him for taking notice of "a poor distressed courtier, commonly the most despicable thing in the world." There was a rising in behalf of the Pretender, in 1715, in which two of Arbuthnot's brothers had part; but there is no evidence that he himself was involved in it. His philosophic tone in a letter to Swift at the time implies the contrary : "I should have the same concern for things as you, were I not convinced that a comet will make much more strange revolutions upon the face of our globe than can be occasioned by governments and minis-

tries. I consider myself as a poor passenger, and that the earth is not to be forsaken, nor the rocks removed for me." This is not the mood of a baffled conspirator. His sympathies were probably with the Stuarts, and his judgment with the house of Hanover. In 1720, when the South Sea bubble broke, the canny Scot had evidently kept out of danger, and escaped the popular delusion. He could laughingly maintain that "the Government and the South Sea Company had only locked up the money of the people upon conviction of their lunacy." Nine months later he was weary of the all-engrossing subject : "There is nothing in London but the same eternal question, when will S. Sea rise."

In 1726 Arbuthnot was still about the court, and presented Swift to the Princess of Wales, the future Queen Caroline, who praised the Dean's "wit and conversation." Arbuthnot's reply is a revelation of his own nature : "I told her Royal Highness that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere honest man, and speaking the truth when others were afraid to speak it." The doctor was at this time in attendance on the Duchess of Marlborough, who recognized the worth of the physician even when wincing from the lash of the pamphleteer. He himself was suffering from graver ills, from calculus in the kidneys and from an abscess in the bowels which nearly made an end of him. While the event was uncertain, he sent a sportive message to Swift, advising him, if cured of his deafness, not to quit the pretense of it, "because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please." A little later Pope writes that Arbuthnot is yet living : "He goes abroad again, and is more cheerful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain, which is the most catholic of all remedies, though not the most universal." He solaced his pains with cards, and with music, in which he was proficient. He knew Handel, and met him often; and there is an anthem of Arbuthnot's extant. When "Gulliver's Travels" appeared, Arbuthnot, who was in the secret of its authorship, recognized at once that it was a masterpiece of wit, and prophesied "as great a run for it as John Bunyan." He wrote Swift that "Gulliver is in everybody's hands. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who immediately went to his map to search for Lilliput."

The clouds gathered about the good doctor as the day went on. His health was precarious.

ous, his family large, his income insufficient. His happy home was broken up. He lost his wife suddenly in the spring of 1730, and his youngest son in the winter of the following year. His friend and patient, Gay, died a twelvemonth later. The world in the main displeased him. It was not a generous age, and the air about the court was tainted. He writes to Swift that things may be brighter in Ireland. "In your better country there is some virtue and honor left, some small regard for religion. Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer." It is hardly a triumphant hope. The worn physician is evidently breaking. He moved into the country for the summer, and found some relief. He wrote Pope that "God Almighty has made my distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be. . . A recovery in my case and at my age is impossible. The kindest wish of my friends is Euthanasia." That at least is what Pope chose to print as the words of Arbuthnot, but in the poet's wonted fashion the manuscript was tampered with. His unscrupulous pen would meddle even with the letter of a dying friend.

Then came a little lull in Arbuthnot's disease. He looked forward to a return to town, and, though crippled, to his work, not being in circumstances to live in idleness. He hardly rejoiced in the respite which would give him the trouble of dying all over again. "I am at present in the case of a man that was almost in harbor and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. . . However, I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness." Swift, in his strong way, answered: "You tear my heart with the ill account of your health"; and then bore his witness, after five-and-twenty years' acquaintance, to the moral and Christian virtues of his failing friend, "not the product of years or sickness, but of reason and religion." It is not a flatterer's tribute.

Arbuthnot died on the 27th day of December, 1735, in his sixty-eighth year, at his house in Cork street, in much pain but devout comfort. Pope and Chesterfield were with him the night before. The latter left an elaborate sketch of him as his physician and friend. He praised his great and various erudition, his infinite fund of wit and humor, his almost inexhaustible imagination, his indifference to fame, his carelessness of money, his purity of character, his kindness to the poor, his love of man-

kind, and his underestimate of himself. His contemporaries bore consenting witness. Swift said that he had "more wit than we all have, and humanity equal to his wit." Pope declared him "in wit and humor superior to all mankind." Lord Orrery pronounced him "equal to any of his contemporaries in humor and vivacity, and superior to most men in acts of humanity and benevolence. No man exceeded him in the moral duties of life." Dr. Johnson, who had not known the charm of his presence, called him "the first man among them, the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humor"; "a scholar with great brilliancy of wit; a wit who in the crowd of life retained and discovered a noble ardor of religious zeal." In our own day still the note of admiration is caught up, and Thackeray declares Arbuthnot "one of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind."

His writings to-day have lost something of their original flavor. Only students of the time are likely to recur to them. Their politics are of an outworn fashion. The pedantry they mock at has departed. The allusions require vexatious explanation in endless footnotes. The humor is less direct and palpable than Swift's, the wit less pointed and flashing than Pope's, the sportiveness less dainty and delicate than Gay's. Yet the "History of John Bull" and the "Memoirs of Scriblerus" will long hold their place in the literature of scholars, for their pithy English, their manly sense, their grotesque drollery, their vivid imagination. Their author had his faults. He was absent-minded to excess, "the king of inattention." Like others of his profession, he indulged himself at the table and took little exercise, while commanding diet, temperance, and exercise to others. He walked with a slouch or a shuffle. As a Scot, he pretended to believe himself gifted with the second sight. He was "a Jacobite by prejudice." He squandered instead of economizing his ideas. He took less care than he should of his fortune. He let his children make kites of his papers which held matter for folios. Perhaps in the multiplicity of folios this should be set down in the catalogue of his virtues.

The fine phototype which is the frontispiece to this volume is from a supposed original by Jervas. It is full of life and character. The face is a nearly perfect oval, the forehead is high, the eyes far apart, the lids full, the iris large. The nose is strong, with delicate nos-

trils. The upper lip is long. The mouth is of rare sweetness and beauty, with a quiet smile just ready to appear. The chin is long but rounded, with a marked cleft in the middle. The hands are of special distinction and refinement, with long tapering fingers. The velvet cap and gown, the lawn kerchief loosely knotted at the neck, the ruffles at the wrists, the pen between the fingers, the hands crossed over a book that rests lightly on the lap, complete a delightful portrait of a playful humorist, a courtly gentleman, a thoughtful, true and loving man. As you look upon it you think better of the early years of the eighteenth century, and of that somewhat dismal English court which harbored and valued such a man as this.

C. A. L. RICHARDS.

FREEMAN'S HISTORICAL ESSAYS.*

The fourth series of Historical Essays by the late Professor Freeman is larger and more varied than its predecessors. The essays in the second series dealt with ancient history, and those in the first and third chiefly with the Middle Ages — or, as their author would prefer to say, they dealt respectively with "the time when political life was confined to the two great Mediterranean peninsulas" and the time when the Teutonic and Slavonic peoples also had a part in the political life of Europe. The twenty-two papers which make up the present and last volume touch a wide variety of topics. Carthage, French and English towns, Aque Sextiae, Orange, Périgueux and Cahors, Augustodunum, and the Lords of Ardres, serve as texts for local studies like the "Historical and Architectural Sketches" and many of the earlier historical essays. Then come a stray Oxford lecture on Portugal and Brazil, an interesting account of the conflict between Crown and chapter over the election to the deanery of Exeter, and a number of short reprints from the "Saturday Review." The other papers are more distinctively political, treating of the growth of commonwealths, the constitution of the German Empire, nobility, and the House of Lords.

These essays indicate fairly well the subjects and interests that most appealed to Mr. Freeman. His sympathies were strong but not broad, and the range of his historical ideas was

somewhat limited. His conception of history was expressed in his well-known dictum, "History is past politics, and politics present history." To him, history was first of all a record of political events; for a people's literature, for its art — except so far as seen in architecture — for its economic and social life, he cared little or nothing. This dominant interest in things political shortened, as well as narrowed, his view of the field of historical study. No one insisted on the continuity of history more strongly than he; the unity of ancient, mediæval, and modern, he was never tired of proclaiming; yet for him history began with the Greeks, — the Orient he quite ignored. He frequently illustrated historical continuity by taking up a particular town, describing its architectural remains, and tracing its history through several centuries. Often he used the same method in a larger field, emphasizing "the long-abiding life of the Roman Empire, Eastern and Western," and the unbroken dominance of the Teutonic element in English history. This influence in England he probably exaggerated, but his sympathy for oppressed nationalities kept him from the extreme views of those champions of "triumphant Teutonism" who deny political rights to those not so fortunate as to be born Teutons.

Mr. Freeman was much addicted to the use of historical parallels. He liked to see analogous causes producing analogous effects, and held that if the resemblances between distant events were not merely superficial, "real instruction, practical instruction, and not a mere gratification of curiosity" could be drawn from comparing them. Thus, in the first essay in the present volume he compares Carthage with other great commercial powers — Rome, Lübeck, Venice, Spain, and England. This may easily lead to those "plausible historical analogies" from which Mr. Bryce says it is the chief practical use of history to deliver us; but in Mr. Freeman's hands the comparative method proved stimulating and suggestive. His work on "Comparative Politics" is one of the chief sources of his influence on the younger students of history. Comparisons between ancient and modern events also help to give his books that strong sense of reality which his readers always feel.

In discussing current questions, Mr. Freeman showed something of the historical sentimental. Though he was not an extreme conservative, the changes he most desired were in the direction of a return to early historic

* HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L. and LL.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Fourth Series. New York: Macmillan & Co.

conditions. The Liberals he thought the true Conservatives. He wished to have the bishops retained in the House of Lords as a relic of the old Saxon witan and a protest against the modern idea of heredity. In a characteristic essay on "Alter Orbis," reprinted in the fourth series of his essays, he opposed a Channel tunnel, not on military grounds, but from a fear that it might lessen the insular character of Britain, "the greatest fact in British history."

Exact scholarship, political insight, a terse and vigorous style, and a vivid power of realizing the past and making it live for his readers, place Mr. Freeman with Bishop Stubbs and Mr. Gardiner in the front rank of recent English historians. His death was a real loss to historical scholarship, and Lord Salisbury showed scant respect to his memory and to the cause of sound learning in appointing as his successor at Oxford one who is conspicuously deficient in the truthfulness and accuracy which were Mr. Freeman's strongest characteristics.

CHARLES H. HASKINS.

RECENT BOOKS OF FICTION.*

"Calmire" is certainly a remarkable book, although not primarily remarkable as a work of fiction. Of its seven hundred and forty-two pages, the odd forty-two would be amply sufficient for all the story that is given us, and the

* CALMIRE. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MARIONETTES. By Julien Gordon. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

A MEMBER OF THE THIRD HOUSE. By Hamlin Garland. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.

THE CHEVALIER OF PENSIERI-VANI. By Henry B. Fuller. New York: The Century Company.

COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S CLIENT, and Some Other People. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE GOVERNOR, and Other Stories. By George A. Hibbard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A CAPILLARY CRIME, and Other Stories. By F. D. Millet. New York: Harper & Brothers.

VAN BIBER AND OTHERS. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

DON FINIMONDONE: Calabrian Sketches. By Elizabeth Cavazza. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

THE NAULANKA: A Story of West and East. By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE WRECKER. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE MISFORTUNES OF ELPHIN, MAID MARIAN, CROTCHET CASTLE, GRYLL GRANGE. By Thomas Love Peacock. In five volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE DOWNFALL. By Emile Zola. Translated by E. P. Robbins. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

other seven hundred are devoted to philosophical and religious discussion. We deem it only fair to warn the reader of this fact at the outset, but it would be unfair not to state also that the discussion is so fascinating that it absorbs the attention quite as fully as do the dramatic features of the narrative. After all, one is tempted to ask, since a work of fiction is necessarily made up largely of the conversations of its characters, why should they not be permitted now and then to converse upon serious subjects? The chief characters of the book are the two Calmires, uncle and nephew, and Miss Nina Wahring, who, with her mother, is spending the summer at the country house of the Calmires, somewhere on the Hudson. The two Calmires embody, each in his own way, the advanced philosophical thought of the modern world, while Miss Nina, to begin with, represents the conventional ideas of the average young person who has never reflected seriously about anything. Under the combined influence of admiration for the uncle and a more tender feeling for the nephew, her mind becomes sympathetically attuned to the new world of ideas to which she is introduced by their companionship, and, since at bottom she has an earnest and receptive nature, there follows for her the usual enlargement of horizon and revolution of thought, although the broader view to which she attains still keeps the emotional tinge due to her sex. Of course, the elder Calmire, in whom the author evidently speaks for himself, has things beautifully his own way, and the intellect of the young woman is plastic as wax in his hands. The reader who is after a story and nothing else will at once call Calmire a prig and impatiently put the book aside. But we have warned such readers that the book is not meant for them in any case. The author, whoever he may be (and his strikingly individual manner compels to conjecture), is a man who has thought long and well upon the deepest subjects of inquiry, who has realized the absurdity of many or any "systems," who has safely weathered the period of indignant and passionate revolt (here illustrated by the impetuous nephew), and who has gained at last the most peaceful and rock-protected of ethical havens. He seems to be a practised writer, yet one wholly unpractised in the form that he has here chosen as a medium of expression. But he must have had much practise in the difficult art of elucidating abstruse matters, for his success in this particular is very marked. He commands resources of apposite illustration and metaphor which make his expo-

sitions simply brilliant, while at the same time they are as far as possible from being stilted and otherwise unnatural. "Calmire" is distinctly a helpful book; that is, for those who want to be helped. The author does not shrink from envisagement of the sternest problems of the universe, nor is he turned to stone by their Gorgonian gaze. Those who are not strong enough to look nature in the face, but, Perseus-like, view her only as reflected in the mirror of their childish creeds, will do well to avoid such books. And yet, for those who can comprehend it, the work offers a faith as far transcending that of our childhood as the wide world itself transcends the nursery. And it is not a faith that quarrels needlessly about terms, for it recognizes to the full whatever inspiration the dogma may conceal. The lesson of the book is all summed up in such a passage as the following:

"Well, really, dear, I believe the great secret of calm is the realization of the pettiness of all that can disturb our lives, in contrast with the immensity that includes them."

"Is that another name for faith in God?" she asked.
"Faith in God is one of the names for it."

"The Quality of Mercy" hardly needs to be strained to permit our welcome of the novel to which Mr. Howells has given this apt Shakespearean title. The author has so long sojourned in the strange tents of those realists who conceive themselves impelled by duty to exercise their art upon the most uninteresting or even repulsive material obtainable, that we feared to have lost forever the old Mr. Howells of "Indian Summer" and "A Woman's Reason." But the Mr. Howells of old, the Mr. Howells who knew how to tell in artistic manner a story of real human interest, has come back to us again, and has brought with him from his artistic aberrations a shrewder humor and a more deeply spiritualized insight than he took away. There is abundant analysis in his new work, probably more than there ought to be, but it no longer impresses us as being mainly introduced for its own sake; it is consistently applied, for the most part, to the development of a distinct and desirable psychological type. A man like the defaulter Northwick, though narrow his range and imperfect his sympathies, is presumably possessed of something in the nature of a soul, and this is what, with admirable success, Mr. Howells has set himself to discover. He even reconciles us to Hatboro, which community, since its life was shadowed forth in "Annie Kilburn," has stood as the symbol or embodiment of all that is

dull and devoid of interest. It seems that even in Hatboro there may be lives whose inner aspects are worth scrutinizing, and we may take heart of grace once more to believe that no aggregation of human beings is without its possible appeal to the universal sympathy with which literature is concerned. There is in this new book all that is best of Mr. Howells; and all that is worst, or nearly all, is conspicuously lacking. In its ethical proportions and envisagement of life, it is as true as "A Hazard of New Fortunes" is false. Finally, its minor types of character are carefully worked out and generally kept within their limits. A hundred pages at a time are not given, for example, to the humors of village gossip or to the trials of flat-hunting in a great city. When the work of Mr. Howells shall have been duly threshed by time, this work, at least, will not be left with the chaff.

The admirable qualities of style and characterization evinced by Mrs. Cruger's novels have a distinct value of their own, however trivial the incidents and artificial the world that she describes. That world, of course, is not the real world of human life and passion at all, but a world of a very narrow and hot-house sort, although to its exotic dwellers it doubtless makes up the sum of essential human existence. "Marionettes" is at least as good as anything that the author has heretofore done,—perhaps it is a trifle better. It has occasional faults of style, and occasional pages of essay-writing that had been better omitted, but its figures are incisively outlined, and its ethical tone (bearing in mind the relative nature of ethics) is all that could be expected under the conditions.

If Mr. Hamlin Garland continues to produce works as strong as "A Member of the Third House," he will make himself a distinct literary force. In this book he keeps his economic vagaries well in the background, and surrenders to the white-hot passion of indignation at the corruption of American legislatures. His expression taking the form of a compactly knit and strikingly dramatic narrative, he holds the attention almost breathless, and leaves the reader no opportunity to reflect upon his faults of style. His story is of a young man who, with steadfast devotion to principle, puts aside all considerations of self-interest in a single-handed struggle with the powers of evil as represented by an unscrupulous corporation, an infamous lobby, and a venal state legislature. Mr. Garland does not pause to woo the literary

graces, and his strongest pages are but slightly adapted transcripts of what may be seen and heard to-day in any political barroom or lobbyist's den in any great city or state capital. The proceedings of his investigating committee are grimly real, and might be paralleled almost word for word in many a public record. He is terribly in earnest, and his earnestness is contagious. Such books are social forces rather than stories; they do but masquerade in the novelist's disguise, and the sun itself shines on the mirror which they hold up to nature.

"The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" has been reissued in an improved form, improved considerably by a new chapter and a revised text of the old ones, and more than considerably improved by its new typography, its charming chapter initials, and its tasteful binding. Perhaps the best tribute to its excellence is furnished by the fact that its forbidding first appearance could not wholly disguise its charm, and that so many competent critics penetrated the disguise to discover the real literary instinct at the heart of it. Those who contrived to read the book under the old conditions will need no urging to re-read it in a form that offers no offense to any sense.

Volumes of short stories in the usual summer variety occupy a conspicuous place in this season's fiction. The *doyen* of our short story tellers, Mr. Bret Harte, certainly deserves to be mentioned first. There are nine stories in his latest collection; three or four of them trifles, the others almost novelettes. They deal in the accustomed surprises, and have the unvarying quality of interest. "Colonel Starbottle's Client" is probably the best, unless we give that distinction to "The Postmistress of Laurel Run." In "The New Assistant at Pine Clearing School," the writer handles a favorite theme in so novel a manner that he may be forgiven for taking it up again.

Mr. Hibbard's stories offer as complete a contrast as possible to Mr. Harte's. The latter skims lightly over the period of action; the former concentrates his attention upon the "psychological moment" of the action, and makes us retrospectively acquainted with what goes before. There is little choice between these six stories, except that the first three are more elaborate in their analysis. For intensity of force, "As the Sparks Fly Upward" is probably the most admirable, but this adjective fits "The Governor" and "A Deedless Drama" almost equally well. Mr. Hibbard's style has a straightforward simplicity that makes his

work very attractive. Such sobriety of diction is not too common a virtue with our younger writers.

Mr. Millet's stories, also six in number, are more or less about artists, but they are comparatively free from the professional jargon into which artists so frequently fall when they abandon the brush for the pen. In a preface placed at the end of the volume (if the bull be permissible), the writer lets us into some of the secrets of his literary workshop; in other words, he tells of the actual experiences that suggested the stories. This is particularly interesting, for they are related with a minuteness of detail that gives them a marked air of probability, and one is naturally tempted to ask what may be their basis in actual fact. Aside from their artistic associations, their dominant note is one of mystery, or, rather, of uncanniness, which is especially noticeable in "A Faded Scapular" and "The Fourth Waits." The latter is about a black poodle, who seems to exercise a baleful influence over the destiny of a group of four artist friends, marked out for destruction one after another by this canine fiend. The "fourth" who "waits" is naturally the survivor, who lives to tell the story. On the whole, Mr. Millet gives evidence of a very pretty talent for the art in which Poe was a master.

The stories in Mr. Davis's volume are shorter than those before mentioned—there are no less than fifteen of them—but they are full of meat. As the title suggests, they are mainly about our old friend Van Bibber, whose experiments in economy, amateur philanthropy, and other pursuits, never fail to prove diverting to himself and to us. Some of the stories are the merest sketches, but they are of the best in the book. Within their limits, it would be difficult to match "The Hungry Man Was Fed" and "Mr. Travers's First Hunt." Mr. Kipling is the only other writer who can compress so much incident, humor, and general interest into so small a space. Mr. Davis seems in a fair way to make the streets of New York his own domain. This volume is a distinct advance beyond the point reached in "Gallegher," and compels the most careful attention from its readers.

In Mrs. Cavazza's "Calabrian Sketches" we have a very remarkable example of insight into the modes of Italian peasant life on the part of one herself Italian only in her married name. Her simple villagers, with the little interests that constitute their world, and their homely proverbial sayings, possess an extraor-

dinary vitality, and their presentation is artistic in a very high sense. The stories of "Don Finimondone" (so called from his dismal predictions of future and final disaster) and of "A Calabrian Penelopé" have a quiet and pathetic charm that make them the best of the half dozen included. "Princess Humming-Bird" alone is not a peasant tale; its characters are aristocratic Neapolitans and an American girl, thus bringing it into the class of international tales, for the American girl comes, sees, and at once conquors, not only an interesting scion of the nobility, but all of his relatives as well. It is as charming a story as the others, only in a different way.

"The Naulahka" is as preposterous a tale as has often been told, but Mr. Kipling's vivid depiction of the East Indian native, and (we assume) Mr. Balester's characterization of his own fellow countryman in the far West, triumphantly bear up the burden of the story until near the end, when it breaks down with its own weight. In other words, the story is carried on until its authors were evidently unable to straighten out its tangled threads, and so took the heroic course of breaking them off. We shall probably never learn whether the three C.'s came to Topaz, or how Tarvin got out of his scrape with the jewel-loving wife of the railway president. The American part of the story is a rather weak imitation of Mr. Bret Harte, and the reader is glad when the scene is permanently transferred to Gokral Secatarun. The Naulahka, it should be mentioned, is a necklace of gems, which makes the moonstone of Mr. Wilkie Collins's imagination insignificant in comparison. Tarvin's object is to get possession of this treasure, and, after a series of surprising adventures, he is successful. Then, to the consternation of the reader, he tamely relinquishes the prize. What is left in the reader's mind, aside from his recollection of the story, is a deepened sense of the immense difference between the oriental and the western mind. This has been Mr. Kipling's message (as far as he has had such a thing) in most of his work, and he has presented it with a force quite beyond the reach of the mere essayist or historian.

No misplaced ethical scruples on the part of the authors prevent them from allowing the characters of "The Wreckers" to act out their parts according to their several natures. They would not have returned an ill-gotten Naulahka, — not they! Mr. Stevenson (for his collaborator can be hardly more than a figure-head)

has written a story of the most exciting description without being deserted by the style that would bear up any kind of a story that he might choose to write. It is very long, but a good story cannot be too long. Of this one we are bound to say that it has one or two wearisome digressions; so intent must a reader be upon the development of the main plot that he is impatient of side-issues that would otherwise fascinate. There is all the latitude of scene that could be desired: Paris, Edinburgh, San Francisco and the South Sea Islands dissolve bewilderingly one into another. The plot is tremendously involved, but things get straightened out at last, and the strains upon credulity are few. Most of the characters have hopelessly muddled standards of right and wrong; the author is wise enough to know that the fault is Nature's, not his. A story with no ulterior purpose whatever, we are inclined to call "The Wrecker" the best of the season.

The new edition of Peacock's novels, so judiciously edited by Dr. Richard Garnett, is now complete. In "The Misfortunes of Elphin," the author found a rich mine of material in the Mabinogion and other lore of old-time Wales, and created a distinct character of the Falstaffian type in the person of Seithenyn ap Saidi, whose drinking feats excite to such admiration. A selection of the Welsh triads provides the story with chapter-headings, and Welsh lyrics, original or imitated, enliven its pages. Of this book, Dr. Garnett says: "Its position among the author's novels is unique; in the charm of romantic incident it surpasses them all; the humor, though less exuberant than where the writer is more thoroughly at home, is still plenteous and Peacockian." Readers of "Maid Marian" will perhaps dissent from the opinion that any other of the novels can surpass this one in "the charm of romantic incident." The fact that its incidents are the more familiar does not really lessen their charm, and certainly their variety is sufficiently great. Dr. Garnett is at some pains to establish the fact that "Maid Marian" was written, although not published, a full year before the appearance of "Ivanhoe." The similarity of the two works is, of course, slight, and it is not at all a similarity of spirit; but Peacock's invention might suffer some discredit from the fact that his romantic idyl was published three years later than Scott's romantic epic. A far closer resemblance is to be found between "Maid Marian" and "The Foresters," Lord Tennyson's lovely play. Here,

there is similarity of both spirit and incident, and all the more so because in "Maid Marian" Peacock often forgot that he had set out to be first of all a satirist, while in "The Forsters" Lord Tennyson has for once dramatized English history in a less heroic vein than usual. Perhaps we should not say history, after all; for Robin Hood has gone the way of William Tell, but his character and exploits are still a permanent possession of our race, thanks to the three men of genius who have given them literary immortality. "Crotchet Castle," which was published in 1831, is the most genial, and in many ways the most nearly perfect, of Peacock's tales. "It is equally free from the errors of immaturity and the infirmities of senescence," says the editor. With added experience of the world of men, Peacock came to regard the intellectual vagaries of his fellows more indulgently, perhaps because he was growing half-conscious of the fact that he had developed a few hobbies of his own. The volume is provided with a motto aptly suggestive of this fact.

"Le monde est plein de fous, et qui n'en veut pas voir,
Doit se tenir tout seul, et casser son miroir."

In the character of the Reverend Doctor Folliott, the author produced a closer study in self-portraiture than is elsewhere to be found in his gallery. Utilitarianism and the new science of political economy are made the object of Peacock's keenest satirical shafts; and Mr. Ruskin, if he has ever read the book, must have taken a sympathetic delight in many of its pages. The volume is particularly noticeable for the flexibility and grace of its dialogue, and for the peculiar excellence of its poetic interludes. Even in the matter of style, the author seems for once to have surpassed himself. The Reverend Doctor Opimian, in "Gryll Grange," is really Doctor Folliott under a new name, and embodies anew the author's epicureanism, his literary lore, and his genial conservatism. "Gryll Grange," which, like "Melinecourt," is long enough to make two volumes of the new edition, was written in 1859, and was the last of Peacock's novels. Its scene is another of those delightful country houses, abounding in good cheer and good company. As a story it is the slightest of Peacock's seven; but we read these books for something better than their stories. It would be impossible to characterize the book in more fitting terms than those of the editor, who says:

"The septuagenarian has lost the buoyancy of middle age; his animal spirits no longer effervesce, and

need to be husbanded; he retains the capacity of laughter for himself, but has well-nigh lost his command over the springs of merriment in others. In fine, 'Gryll Grange' is rather amusing than humorous. . . . The years which have incontestably enfeebled the satirist have widened the knowledge and matured the wisdom of the scholar. We still have to do with a classic, but Lucian has given way to Atheneus. . . . Ethically, indeed, 'Gryll Grange' is an advance upon Peacock's former writings. There is more tenderness, more considerateness, a deeper sense of the underlying pathos of human life."

We suspect that the moralists who have so long been denouncing the immorality of warfare have found an unexpectedly powerful ally in the novelists who have set themselves to depict warfare in its actual colors. The horror that may be created by the phrases of rhetoric is but feeble and short-lived in comparison with that which accompanies a vivid realization of what battlefields really are. This realization has been given to ours as to no earlier generation, by such works as Tolstoi's "War and Peace," the Baroness von Suttner's "Ground Arms"; and, we may now add, M. Zola's "The Downfall." After all, morality, as has so often been said, is merely the nature of things; let things be shown as they are, and they convey their own lesson; nothing explicit is needed. For once, we are almost disposed to defend and to praise M. Zola's realism. He spares us none of the horrors of his subject; nor in such a case should they be spared. "La Débâcle" is the expressive name that he has given to the cataclysm of 1870, and the tremendous events that led up to and followed upon the fatal day of Sedan are described from the standpoint of the private soldier. We doubt if the conditions of that struggle have ever received a more careful and masterly analysis than M. Zola has here given them. The complete rottenness of that empire of fraud, the utter ineptitude of the sham Emperor, whose career was one long and blood-stained carnival of crime, and the ignorant and insane fatuity with which the French nation rushed to its doom, are most impressively presented in these pages. It was patriotism in a very high sense that dictated this stern record, the patriotism that sees a nation's virtues all the clearer for not being blind to its faults. To those who read history aright, the expiation of that *année terrible* was a blessing in disguise, for it quickened the sluggish pulse of the nation, and made possible the chastened new France whose resurgence has almost marked a new epoch in the growth of the human spirit.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BOOKS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE.*

It is a pleasure to take up the little volume Professor Corson so modestly styles "A Primer of English Verse." Or rather, I may say, it is a pleasure to find the primer no dry-as-dust statement of the mechanism of verse, as are most books on prosody, but an aesthetic treatment from the standpoint of sympathetic appreciation of its beauties. In fact, almost no attention is given to metre in the classical sense, the book being devoted exclusively to those subtler characteristics of poetry that make it appeal to the love of the beautiful. The book contains, among others, chapters on "Poetic Unities," "Exceptional and Varied Metres," and studies of some of Tennyson's stanzas, the Spenserian stanza, and blank verse. Under "Poetic Unities" Professor Corson takes up "rhythm, metre, stanza, rhyme, assonance, alliteration, melody, and harmony," each of these being considered in its aesthetic relations. These chapters are introductory, and give the standpoint of all the criticism that follows. In discussing Tennyson, special attention is paid to the stanzas of "In Memoriam," "The Two Voices," and "The Palace of Art." All these are treated in their adaptability to the subject matter, as the stanza of "In Memoriam" to continuity, and the stanza of "The Two Voices," with its closely bound rhyme-scheme, to the interrupted dialogue of which the latter poem is composed. Another excellent example of the way in which Professor Corson deals with metre is shown by his chapter on the Sonnet. The relation of the English sonnet to the Italian model is pointed out, as well as the changes made by English poets both in the rhyme-scheme and in respect to the octave and sestet. Copious examples are given (this is one of the best features of the book), illustrating the sonnet of Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, and others. The treatment of blank verse, and

* **A PRIMER OF ENGLISH VERSE.** Chiefly in its Aesthetic and Organic Character. By Hiram Corson. Boston: Ginn & Company.

THE STUDY CLASS. A Guide for the Student of English Literature. By Anna Benneson McMahan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH POETRY. By William Hazlitt. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

POPULAR STUDIES OF NINETEENTH CENTURY POETS. By J. Marshall Mather. New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

BEOWULF, AN ANGLO-SAXON EPIC POEM. Translated by Jno. Leslie Hall. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By Samuel Ramsey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

other portions of the book, are equally interesting; so that, it may be said, not only does this primer occupy a unique place, but it is indispensable to a right knowledge and appreciation of the best in English verse.

One of the most remarkable facts of the present age is the intellectual eagerness of women. For not only are young women demanding education of the most advanced character, but matrons as well as maids have felt the impulse toward knowledge and have been trying to make up the deficiencies of early training. It is to direct such effort that "The Study Class" has been written by Mrs. Anna B. McMahan. We cannot commend too highly the aim and plan of this handsome little book. "These outlines," the author tells us, "concern themselves with literature itself rather than with the history of literature. In general, their questions can only be answered by direct study of the author in hand." It is plain from this that the author's aim is the only true one. The book is introduced by five short essays, of which those on "Methods in Study" and "Interpretation of Literature" are especially to be commended. These are followed by general divisions on Shakespeare, the English Drama, English Poetry, Robert Browning, the English Essay. Shakespeare is represented by outlines on "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," and "Hamlet." The student is aided by the indication of difficult passages, the explanation of which is to be sought, and by suggestive questions as to the interpretation of plot and character. In addition occur references to some of the best books, so that the student cannot be at a loss as to what or how to read. The same plan is taken in the other general divisions, each of which deserves special comment. It is noteworthy that one section is given to a study of English prose as exemplified in the Essay. This is particularly to be noticed because the study of prose is so often neglected both in and out of schools. Here we have outlines on Sidney, Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Johnson, besides the rise of the newspaper and periodical, and the later criticism. An "Afterword" on books, with a helpful bibliography, closes a useful little manual that we hope may find its way to study-classes in many parts of our country.

The reprint of Hazlitt's "Lectures on the English Poets" is valuable for two reasons: first, as the opinions of a keen critic for his generation, and next in its relation to the his-

tory of literary criticism. Perhaps the latter is more important at the present time. For, while the essays on the older poets—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton—are of interest on their own account, even these are not seldom inaccurate from the standpoint of present knowledge, and are therefore sometimes an unsafe guide. But it is especially in his criticism of contemporaries that Hazlitt's judgment is now of least value. In his day, Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, Moore, and Southey were writing, and Hazlitt's opinion of these poets accords in few particulars with the judgment of posterity. Speaking of the poets living in 1818, he says: "I cannot be absolutely certain that anybody, twenty years hence, will think anything about any of them." Starting with such a belief, it is hardly to be expected that Hazlitt's estimate would be of present value, except as it may be placed beside the similar criticism of the great reviews, whose judgment of the Revolutionary poets is one of the wonders of that interesting but erratic age.

"Popular Studies of Nineteenth Century Poets," the author tells us, "were prepared for a class of workingmen, with the sole aim of rousing their interest in, and provoking them to a study of, our nineteenth century poets." Judged from this standpoint,—and this is but fair to the author,—the studies deserve success with "a wider section of the same community for whom [which?] they were originally prepared." The chapters here given, however, are not profound criticism; indeed, there is little that is original; but they do take up in a pleasing way some characteristics of the poets considered. The seven chapters are on "Wordsworth the Naturalist," "Shelley the Idealist," "Coleridge the Metaphysician," "Byron the Pessimist," "Hood the Humorist," "Tennyson the Moodist," "Browning the Optimist." It will be seen at once that the terms chosen are in most cases only partially descriptive, and in some instances misleading. Tennyson and Browning are least profoundly treated, perhaps; a blunder being made in the interpretation of the latter's beautiful poem, "Wanting is—What?" from the desire of reading too much philosophy into it. Still, to one taking up one of these poets for the first time the book would serve as a helpful introduction; and this is its real purpose.

One of the best signs of the time in education is the new impulse to the study of our oldest poetry and of the language in which it is

written. It is now ten years since Professor Garnett published his translation of *Beowulf*, which has already gone through four editions. The next year appeared the first volume of his "Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry," and the remaining years of the decade have been equally fruitful. Now we have come round to *Beowulf* again, in a new translation by Professor Hall of William and Mary College. The question how *Beowulf* should be translated will receive various answers, no doubt, until another Matthew Arnold shall settle it by such an essay as that "On Translating Homer." Professor Hall's translation differs from Professor Garnett's in being metrical throughout, and it will therefore appeal more strongly to the ordinary reader, although it is not always so literal. Professor Hall has also preserved the alliteration in most cases; and this is a distinct advantage as representing the older metre, although it becomes a distinct disadvantage when obtained by introducing a word not preserved in modern English, as is sometimes done. On the other hand, some of the words in the list "not in general use" hardly require an explanation to readers of English; such are *barrow*, *beaker*, *bight*, *boss* (of a shield), *brand*, *eke*, *erst*, etc., But notwithstanding minor criticisms, we hope with the author that the book will hasten the day when the story of *Beowulf* will be familiar to English-speaking peoples, and if it shall serve as an introduction to the study of our earlier English, this alone will be sufficient reason for its existence.

In the preface to his bulky volume on "The English Language and English Grammar," Mr. Ramsey says the book is not intended "for those who are already familiar with all the results of past labors, and who, therefore, can find nothing here to add to their present ample stores of knowledge, there being no claim to original discovery or invention." Scholars are therefore warned that they have nothing to look for in this work. The question then comes, has the book been so prepared as to give a correct idea of present knowledge in respect to the English language and its grammar? Unfortunately for Mr. Ramsey, this question cannot be answered in the affirmative. Many things here stated are true, but in scarcely a chapter is everything true, and many points are incompletely treated. For example, from the chapter on "Grimm's Law" no one would get an accurate conception of either consonant-change, while "Verner's Law," a necessary complement to the law of Grimm, is not mentioned. In the

same way, when the statement is made that *bleed, feed, hide, etc.*, "have the essential features of strong verbs," it shows that the author has no correct idea of the essential differences between weak and strong verbs. On the other hand, the writing of Mr. Ramsey is clear, forcible, and suggestive; so that, considered from the standpoint of essays on subjects connected with English language and grammar, this volume may be read with interest.

OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

IN the volume of essays upon poetry and the poets, entitled "The Golden Guess" (Lee & Shepard), Mr. John Vance Cheney, already known as a poet, makes some welcome additions to the always too slender stock of sound criticism. In his essays entitled "The Old Notion of Poetry" and "Who are the Great Poets?" Mr. Cheney collects, canvasses, and coördinates the most memorable definitions of poetry. Much in these two essays is admirable; all is deserving of being carefully weighed. Mr. Cheney has a noble faith in the value and the destiny of poetry; he is in these matters a conservative of the school of Matthew Arnold. Yet one is forced to doubt whether this critic has himself quite realized the vast scope of the art whereof he discourses. He is of course far in advance of the old bloodthirsty school of Jeffrey and the rest, with their Procrustean bed of definitions and standards; still his definitions are too narrow for a poet of the robust proportions of Browning. In dealing with Browning and with Matthew Arnold, the critic is not quite sure of his ground. Matthew Arnold was a poet, it seems, and one of the best, yet not a "born poet"—whatever the distinction may mean. Considering the mortal length of the "eternal bead-roll" of English poets whose verses seem less profound and memorable than Matthew Arnold's, would it not have been as well had some of the rest been granted this happy exemption from "birth's invidious bar"? As to Browning, the critic does admit that he was a poet—presumably a born one,—but the admission seems made only to be vigorously retracted. All this fumbling and groping, this saying and unsaying, is due to the fact that poetry is much too large a thing for Mr. Cheney's definitions to surround. So, after imprisoning himself, he is obliged to pick the locks. His own verse has shown that he has learned for himself the old lesson that art is *long*; he has yet to learn that it is at least equally *wide*—a lesson for the critic still more important. He gives us some very just negative criticism of Browning, but it does not advance us, simply because it is not the fruit of the vision which is born of sympathy. Mr. Cheney is at his best where his sympathy has

full play, for here his standards and definitions do not restrict him. For Arnold as a critic, for Tennyson, for Hawthorne, for Shakespeare, for the Hebrew poets, for "music, or the tone poetry," he has a sympathy that opens his eyes and enables him to give happy expression to many truths worth speaking or repeating. Thus, in the essay on Music, he says of Shakespeare's poetry that no other comes so near as his "to slipping back from articulation into the mother sound." Hawthorne, contrary to all his principles, he virtually classes among the poets, where of course he belongs. "His charming books are of the poet's sort,—the blossom, not the root, of conviction." When Mr. Cheney likes a poet, as in the case of Tennyson, he judges him by his best, and the result is excellent criticism; when he dislikes a poet, as he does Browning, he judges him by his worst, and reverses the result. But after all deductions have been made, the volume has the very unusual merit of dealing in a serious, single-hearted way, sometimes with considerable insight, with the noblest of the arts. It should be very useful in giving readers a more religious conception of poetry than that generally current.

THE drift of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's volume of essays, "The Old South" (Scribner), is indicated in the chapter-headings: "Authorship Before the War," "The Old Colonial Places," "Social Life in Old Virginia Before the War," "The Old Virginia Lawyer," "The Negro Question," etc. In his retrospections, Mr. Page pleasantly illustrates the tendency of gentlemen from his "section," when dwelling upon the halcyon period "befo' the wah," to soar away from the plain facts of a rather crude and prosaic reality, and to paint their former selves as in some sort a survival of the days of chivalry,—the conservators of the high-flown sentiments that addled the brains of Don Quixote. A cooler fancy finds it pretty hard to see in the young people of the sugar and tobacco plantations a belated race of Tristans and Calidores, or even to accept as "a delicious, low, slow, musical speech" a harrowing drawl and accent, caught, like the measles, from "darkey" nurses and playmates. The most important paper in the volume is a thoughtful and temperate presentation of the Southern side of "The Negro Question." Premising (not very logically) that although the right of secession, having been adjudicated by the war, is no longer an issue, "it is important, however, to make it clear that the right did exist, because on this depends largely the South's place in history," Mr. Page goes on to argue that the Southern whites, in the face of the physical and moral peril resulting from the over-crowding among them of an ignorant and hostile race, are, in their evasion of the law as to the exercise of the elective franchise, obeying the imperative instinct of self-preservation,—acting, in short, (though he does not make the comparison), as their Northern brethren would act if matched or over-

whelmed at the polls by a horde, say, of enfranchised and politically "solid" Chinese. Without altogether admitting Mr. Page's facts, we may at least admit the force of his logic. He stoutly combats the notion that the South "brought the negro here and bound him in slavery" or that it "still desires the re-establishment of slavery," sketches the early history of the institution in America, triumphantly shows that "Massachusetts has the honor of being the first community in America to legalize the slave trade and slavery by legislative act," that she most violently opposed and persecuted the early emancipators, and cites an imposing array of cases tending to show that "scientifically, historically, and congenitally the white race and the negro race differ," that the latter, despite exceptions, and in the face of golden opportunities, has "never exhibited any capacity to advance," that, as a race, negroes are organically and, in great measure, irremediably inferior. Let us then, urges Mr. Page, the negro being here and irremovable, deal with the question philosophically and humanely. We have, of course, but faintly indicated the leading points of Mr. Page's case — which is undeniably a strong one. While it is highly improbable that he and those who think with him are wholly right, it is at least as improbable that they are wholly wrong; and it is certainly time for us in the North to inquire just how far they are right on this menacing question. The other papers in the volume are, allowing for certain florid tendencies already noted, of interest as descriptive of Southern *ante-bellum* manners.

IN writing his life of William Gilmore Simms for the "American Men of Letters" series (Houghton), Mr. William P. Trent has done a genuine bit of biographical work, and has carefully examined and sifted for his purpose all the available material. He has so well avoided all appearance of partisanship, that it is hard to judge from the tone in which the book is written whether the author is a Southerner or a Northerner. The limits prescribed for volumes of the series are somewhat too brief to permit Mr. Trent to carry out fully his plan of treating Simms's life as that of a typical Southerner to be explained by the history of the South during the first seven decades of the nineteenth century. Indeed, the life led by Simms had so many phases and relations, and was so full of work of many different kinds, that often, owing to lack of space, the book ceases to be a narrative and becomes a mere catalogue of the various ironies he had in the fire. To explain his career his biographer is obliged, however, to treat quite fully of Southern life and literature, and to say many things that are helpful in rendering the Southern attitude of mind intelligible to Northern readers. As James Fenimore Cooper was a robust and prolific American Scott, so was Simms a robust and prolific Southern Cooper. Cooper is inferior to Scott in no greater degree than Simms is inferior to Cooper. Simms resembled the

two great romancers mentioned, in the careless rapidity of his work and in treating chiefly native scenes and characters. Like Scott, he made his first attempts in verse; but he would have been wiser if, when he found his true field in prose fiction, he had abstained, as Scott did, from writing poetry, and wiser still if, like Cooper, he had never published verses. Lacking a proper sense of his own limitations, Simms attempted almost everything, and set up by turns as poet, editor, romancer, dramatist, orator, historian, biographer, politician, reviewer, geographer, planter, and military adviser. He lacked also the sense of humor so conspicuous in Scott and to a less degree in Cooper. Had Simms possessed this sense it might have saved him from publishing much of his prose and most of his verse. It would at least have saved him from belated attempts to improve upon the rude rhymes of Mother Goose. Simms was a writer of great energy, great versatility, great indefatigability, great talent for producing speedily an indefinite amount of "copy," great powers of imagination and narration, but he does not rank with our great writers in any department of literature. He stands highest in romance-writing; and in a few works of this kind, such as "The Yemassee" and "The Partisan," he deserves the epithet Mr. W. P. Trent gives to Legaré, "just-not-great."

JOSEPH PENNELL's new book "The Jew at Home" (Appleton) is the result of a recent trip to southeastern Europe during which the opportunity was "thrust upon" him of observing the Polish, the Austro-Hungarian, and the Russian Jew in all his squalid loathsomeness. "I am neither a Jew hater nor a Jew lover," says the author in his preface. "What I did see I have simply put down in black and white." What Mr. Pennell saw is assuredly enough to make the meanest Gentile blush for his species. One is loth to believe that a human creature can reach such depths as Mr. Pennell's Jew reaches. He is certainly not to be touched with anything so short as the tongs, and would make "Uncle Toby" himself a Jew-baiter. Seriously, we think — and hope — that Mr. Pennell has laid on his darks too heavily, our own observation arguing that much may be made of the Russian or the Polish Jew if, like Dr. Johnson's Scotchman, "he be caught young." Mr. Pennell sketched his first type in Carlsbad — "a miserable, weak, consumptive looking specimen of humanity, a greasy cork-screw ringlet over each ear, head bent forward, coat-collar turned up, hands crossed on the stomach, each buried in the opposite sleeve, coat reaching to his heels, and a caricature of an umbrella under his arm." In Vienna Mr. Pennell "began to hear a great deal about him — not only from the philanthropists who knew him not, and therefore longed to take him into their midst, but from those who, knowing him, long to get rid of him for evermore." Of the Austro-Hungarian Jew, he says: "He produces nothing, he lives on nothing, and apparently he wants noth-

ing. His home is cheerless, his costume is disreputable, and he stands around doing nothing with his hands in a country where everyone else of his class is at work, takes a pride in his home, and dresses like a picture." Mr. Pennell's description of the Jewish city of Brody—"a hideous night-mare of dirt, disease, and poverty"—the squeamish reader would better avoid. Arrived in Russia, he writes: "No one who has ever seen the Jew in Russia can wonder that they want to get rid of a creature who is so clannish and so dirty, who is so entirely bent on making a little money for himself, whose shops in all the large commercial towns are always the meanest." Out of Russia the Jew is still worse: "With their liberty they sink deeper into, instead of seeking to escape from, the degradation which we are charitable to think entirely the result of Russian persecution." Mr. Pennell's book is liberally illustrated, and the sketches certainly go far to bear out the text.

CONSIDERING the obvious need for the work, it seems at first sight rather odd that the credit of preparing a satisfactory literary guide to London should fall to an American, Mr. Laurence Hutton; and, to quote a leading English review, his "Literary Landmarks of London" (Harper), an eighth edition of which is now reached, is indeed "a book of which literary America may be proud, and literary London ashamed." It is not, however, after all so surprising that English writers have been forestalled in this field, when one remembers the amazing indifference of Londoners generally to what is most interesting to intelligent foreign visitors—the literary and historical associations of the metropolis. No place in the world is so rich in its literary shrines as London, and in no place in the world have they been heretofore so hard to find. Ask the average Londoner as to the whereabouts of the stock "sights" of the city, the "Bank," the Crystal Palace, the great cafés, etc., and he is ready enough and courteous enough with his answer; but touch him as to "Will's Coffee House," "The Cocoa Tree," "The Globe Theatre" Bankside, the homes and haunts of Johnson, Goldsmith, Lamb, Addison, Swift, Thackeray, the scores of hallowed sites laboriously identified and marked for us by Mr. Hutton, and it is ten to one he will stare blankly with an obvious effort to realize what you are "driving at." Probably he will put you down as an American, and wonder at the vagaries of the species. Mr. Hutton's book is one which no intelligent tourist to England can afford to be without. It presents in moderate compass the leading facts relating to the London careers of British authors, from Addison to Young, and furnishes a ready clue to their homes and resorts in the metropolis. It has been carefully revised for the present edition; a number of supplementary notes have been added, and, as far as possible, it has been brought down to the present day. The attractiveness of the work has been greatly enhanced by the addition of seventy-four full-page portraits. The

work seems to be very complete, though we venture to suggest that some mention might have been made of George Chapman, whose grave, marked by a legible inscription, is to be found in the churchyard of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

MR. FROUDE's latest volume, "The Spanish Story of the Armada and Other Essays" (Scribner), consists of two pleasant papers on Norway, a sketch of the Templars, and three more serious studies in the history of Spain—rounded fragments of a work in which the author hoped to reconstruct an important period in Spanish history. Having rescued the character of Henry the Eighth from execration, he intended to come to the aid of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second and make the "wide correction" needed in the prevailing opinions about these princes. Circumstances compelled him to postpone the task, and the only published results of his researches are the volume on Queen Catherine's divorce and the essays on the Armada, Antonio Perez, and Saint Teresa. The longest and most important of the three re-tells the story of the Armada from contemporary Spanish documents, showing that the ruin of the great fleet was due not only to the storm and the valor of Howard and Drake, but to disease, hunger, and the mistakes of a reluctant and incapable commander. In tracing the tangled history of Antonio Perez, Philip's private secretary, Mr. Froude gives his picture of Philip the Second, "a painstaking, laborious man, prejudiced, narrow-minded, superstitious, with a conceit of his own abilities not uncommon in crowned heads, and frequently with less justification, but conscientious from his own point of view, and not without the feelings of a gentleman." Is this very far from the "prevailing opinions" which Mr. Froude proposed to correct "on more tolerant lines"? Certainly every sober student of the sixteenth century would agree that it is "as unjust as it is uninstructive" to regard Philip and his father "merely as reactionary bigots." It would of course be unfair to judge the projected work by these fragments; so far as they go, Mr. Froude seems to leave the Spanish princes about where he found them.

THE latest volume of "The Queen's Prime Ministers" (Harper), a life of the Earl of Derby, is contributed by Mr. George Saintsbury. In a curt, characteristic preface, the author states that "in some considerable reading of books of history" he has "found that the most profitable are usually those in which the author, while giving his facts as fully and loyally as he can, makes no secret of his opinions and argues as stoutly as he may for them." Coupling this view with the fact that the holder of it is a stanch Tory, the reader will readily infer the general tone of Mr. Saintsbury's book—a forcible, compact, yet, space considered, fairly thorough review, from the Tory standpoint, of Lord Derby's public career, with the due infusion of characteristic anecdote and personal detail. There is nothing per-

functory in Mr. Saintsbury's style, no matter what his subject may be, and he sketches rapidly and sympathetically, with a sufficient mastery of his facts and a constant eye to their polemical bearing, the salient events of Lord Derby's political life, his part in fighting the Reform Question, his attitude towards the Corn Law agitation, his first, second, and third Ministries and the stirring political incidents they covered. Lord Derby's connection with the turf is not forgotten; and in an interesting chapter on his literary work—notably as to the translation of the *Iliad*—Mr. Saintsbury contributes his quota to the vexed question, "On Translating Homer." Comparing Lord Derby's version with those of Hobbes, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, and Sothby—from each of which parallel citations are made,—Mr. Saintsbury says: "Nor am I much afraid of any competent contradiction when I say that, if they be compared with each other, and with the original, Lord Derby's is the only one that deserves the name of a translation at all, while it is at least the equal, poetically, of all but Dryden's." The closing chapter is a careful and not too partial summary of Lord Derby. Despite certain unpleasant peculiarities of the author's manner,—which is too often of the snappishly assertive sort that provokes contradiction irrespectively of the views advanced,—he has given us one of the best numbers, so far, of the series.

NEWMAN'S pious and amiable curate of Saint Mary's, Isaac Williams, after retiring to Stinchcombe wrote out for his children, some years before his death, his recollections of his earlier and more active years. He has much to say of the inner history of the Oxford tractarian movement; and since a large public now interests itself in this movement, the Rev. Sir George Prevost, brother-in-law of Mr. Williams, has seen fit to edit and publish this account as the "Autobiography of Isaac Williams" (Longmans). Mr. Williams wrote several of the "Tracts for the Times," some poems for "Lyra Apostolica," and numerous other devotional and poetical works. The present work contains reminiscences of John and Thomas Keble, Hurrell Froude, Newman, Pusey, Ward, Copeland, Robert and Samuel Wilberforce, and others. Appended are several kind letters from Newman, an account of the dangerous illness from which Williams was said to have been saved by prayer, a statement of the reasons for Williams's retirement from the candidacy for the Poetry Professorship at Oxford, a characteristic sermon by Thomas Keble, etc. To show that the tractarian movement did not necessarily lead to Romanism, Mr. Williams points out that, of the fourteen persons who had any share, however slight, in writing the "Tracts for the Times," Newman is the only one who joined the church of Rome. The book is written in a rambling and disjointed fashion, and gives no connected or coherent treatment, either of the life of Isaac Williams, or of the tractarian movement.

A WELL PLANNED and admirably arranged volume is "Stories from English History for Young Americans," published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The old stories gain a fresh interest through their simple and picturesque telling, the illustrations are numerous and somewhat unusual, and a specially happy feature of the book consists in the introduction of poems celebrating the various epochs and incidents. Shakespeare, Scott, Cowper, Southey, Byron, and many lesser writers, are cited appropriately, so that the young reader's interest in English literature is naturally quickened along with his knowledge of history.

A HANDY little manual compiled by Albert P. Southwick, author of "Handy Helps," is "Wisps of Wit and Wisdom" (A. Lovell & Co.), in which the puzzled seeker may find answers to all sorts of recondite queries, the scope and variety of which beggars description. The book should be a boon to harassed editors of the "Correspondents' Column," and a careful perusal of it may enable ambitious readers, at little cost, to make a handsome show of curious erudition.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list, embracing 50 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL during the month of July, 1892.]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Dialogues of Plato. Translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions, by B. Jowett, M.A. Third edition, revised and corrected throughout. In 5 vols., 8vo, uncut edges. Macmillan & Co. \$20.00.

A History of Aesthetic. By Bernard Bosanquet, M.A. (Oxon.) Large 8vo, pp. 302, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$2.75.

Serapmore Letters: Being the Unpublished Correspondence of William Carey and others with John Williams, 1800-1816. Edited by Leighton and Mornay Williams, with Introduction by Thomas Wright. Illus., 12mo, pp. 150. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Browning's Criticism of Life. By William F. Revell, author of "Ethical Forecasts." With frontispiece, 18mo, pp. 116. Macmillan's "Dilettante Library." 90 cts.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXI., Kennett-Lambart. Large 8vo, pp. 448, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. \$3.75.

Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand. Edited by the Due de Broglie. Translated by Mrs. Angus Hall, with Introduction by Hon. Whitelaw Reid. Vol. V., illus., large 8vo, pp. 432, gilt top. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

POETRY.

City Festivals. By Will Carleton, author of "Farm Ballads." Illus., square 8vo, pp. 164. Harper & Brothers. \$2.00.

Love Letters of a Violinist, and Other Poems. By Eric Mackay. Special copyright American edition, newly revised. 12mo, pp. 277, gilt top. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.25.

Told in the Gate. By Arlo Bates. 12mo, pp. 215, gilt top, uncut edges. Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.

Helen of Troy: Her Life and Translation. Done into Rhyme from the Greek Books, by Andrew Lang. 16mo, pp. 204, uncut. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.

Barrack-Room Ballads, and Other Verses. By Rudyard Kipling. 12mo, pp. 270, paper. United States Book Company. 50 cts.

FICTION.

The Naulahka: A Story of West and East. By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. 12mo, pp. 379. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

The Wrecker. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne. Illus., 12mo, pp. 553. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Anthony Melgrave. By Thomas M'Caleb. 12mo, pp. 203, gilt top, uncut edges. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Mansfield Park. By Jane Austen, in 2 vols., 16mo, gilt tops. Roberts Brothers. \$2.50.

The Downfall: (La Débâcle). By Emile Zola. Translated by E. P. Robins. Illus., 12mo, pp. 565. Cassell Publishing Company. \$1.50.

Mrs. Keats Bradford: A Novel. By Maria Louise Pool, author of "Dally." 12mo, pp. 300. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

The Magic Ink, and Other Stories. By William Black. Illus., 12mo, pp. 258. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

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